Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : : OHIO.

SHIPWRECKED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS COPPEE.

Before the wine-shop which o'erlooks the beach
Sits Jean Goelio, rough of mien and speech;
Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away
In the great fight in Navarino Bay;
Puffing his pipe, he slowly sips his grog,
And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog
Sitting around him. Yes, lads—hear him say—
'Tis sixty years ago this very day
Since I first went to sea, on board, you know,
Of "La Belle Honorine"—lost long ago—
An old three-masted tub, rotten almost,
Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.
We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.

My boyhood had long passed 'neath yonder cliff,
Where an old man—my uncle, so he said—
Kept me at prawning for my daily bread.
At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!
Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!

But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found.
I learned to take, to bear and make no sound.
First place, our ship was in the negro trade,
And once off land, no vain attempts were made
At secrecy. Our captain after that
(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat.
The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me;
I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see—

And as I went about the decks my arm
Was always raised to fend my face from harm.
No man had pity. Blows and stripes always,
For sailors knew no better in those days
Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last
As able seamen shipped before the mast.
I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief.
I think I might have perished of mute grief,
Had not God sent a friend—a friend—to me.
Sailors believe in God—one must at sea.
On board that ship a God of mercy then
Had placed a dog among those cruel men.
Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows.
We soon grew friends; fast friends, true friends, God knows.
He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there.
His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair.
He was my shadow from that blessed night
When we made friends; and by the star's half light,
When all the forecastle was fast asleep,
And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep
With Black among some boxes stowed on deck,
And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck,
I used to cry and cry, and press my head
Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed.
Night after night I mourned our piteous case,
While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still!

At first we had fair winds our sails to fill,
But one hot night, when all was calm and mute,
Our skipper—a good sailor, though a brute—
Gave a long look over the vessel's side,
Then to the steersman whispered, half aside,
"See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer."
The man replied, "The storm will soon be here."
"Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared.
Stow royals? Reef the courses! Pass the word!"
Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail;
We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale
Spun our old ship about. The captain roared
His orders—lost in the great noise on board.
The devil was in that squall. But all men could
To save their ship we did. Do what we would,
The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak;
Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek
Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!"
The captain shouted. Before one would float
Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back.
Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack.
She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash, outspread,
Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,
My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim.
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for him—
For Black, I mean—who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.
The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.
I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew
My friend in after me. Of all our crew,
The dog and I alone survived the gale;
Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail!

Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout.
Yet when the storm had blown its fury out,
I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion!—
That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean,
There was no help for us—all hope was gone;
We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone!
We had been saved from drowning but to die
Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I.
No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay;
No keg of water had been stowed away,
Like those on the "Medusa's" raft, I thought.....
Bah! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.

Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice caught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath a thwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell!

"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again.
I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously
His eyes entreated help! *He snapped at me!*

"What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when Death is near.
Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw
Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw;
Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat,
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life, my messmate, friend, was mad!

You understand? Can you see him and me,
The open boat tossed on a brassy sea,
A child and a wild beast on board alone,
While overhead streams down the tropic sun?
And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. 'Twas time that *I* did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight,
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one!

What matters how, after that deed was done,
They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore,
And took me back to France?

Need I say more?
I have killed men—ay, many—in my day,
Without remorse—for sailors must obey.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own comrade when condemned to die.
I never dream of him, for that was war.
Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar,
I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten
My ax lopped off. I dream not of those men.
At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailers, stabbed them through and through—
I did—confound them! But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings....

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things.

—*E. W. Latimer, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has commenced a war on the hackmen who throng its depots and ferry-boats at New York and pester incoming passengers.

THE DEACON'S VOW.

The sword of a terrible suspense was quivering over the household of Deacon Cameron and his wife. In the small, white-curtained chamber over the sitting-room their only daughter, Agnes, lay between life and death. The doctors gave them little reason to hope that the feeble spark which was flickering, and nearly ready to expire, could be again rekindled. For days and weeks all that love and skill and tender nursing could do had been done, to win back health to the fever-stricken girl; but so far it seemed in vain. Her mother and brothers were tireless in their watching and devotion, and an arrest, in the last few days, had been laid on everything except the most necessary work, while they waited, in that solemn hush which is less of hope than of despair, for what the next hour might bring to pass. House, fields, business, life were all overhung and clouded by the mystery which always hovers about the bedsides of the departing, even when the prospect is bright with trust in Him who says: "I am He who liveth and was dead, and behold! I am alive forevermore."

Agnes was the Deacon's darling. Stern and grim to others, he had invariably been gentle and indulgent to her. In her babyhood it had been his delight to have her nestle against her father's broad breast and play with his long beard or fall asleep in his arms. As a child, her seat at the table had been next to his and her place in the pew by his side. As she grew into fair womanhood, she had become his companion and friend and almost his second self. Now that his eyes were beginning to fail and his ears to grow deaf—infirmities of advancing age which he resented, yet was compelled to acknowledge—it was Agnes who read to him, and talked to him, in her clear voice, never loud, but distinct and pure in its utterance, so that every syllable was like a silver coin for finish. The Deacon loved his daughter as he loved no one else in the world. Even her mother knew that her own was the second place in her husband's heart. Yet she was contented; for hers was a sweet and easily-resigned nature, and she, too, idolized her Agnes.

Did he love her best? He supposed so; and still there was a doubt of it in the minds of his friends. Deacon Cameron had another idol, and that his money. He hugged it closely and worshiped it slavishly. It cost him bitter pain to part with it, unless it were in some way which he knew would return it in kind and increased. Honest, just, defrauding none, he was scrimping and niggardly in expenditure for his family; nor could he bring himself to part with an acre of ground, nor the price of a portion of his crops to aid the poor, to assist the church, or to further mission work. His children had been stinted in their education, deprived of opportunities and privileges for which they longed, and forced to live narrow, contracted lives under the old roof, where raged many a storm of passion that only God and mother knew anything about.

It was a winter morning, but soft and mild as spring, with blue skies, undimmed by a cloud, and gentle south winds stirring the leafless branches. The physician had told the father that there was little probability that Agnes could recover, and that the issue would ere long be decided. With pale face and haggard eyes, he left the house, and wandered on past his ample barns, through the great apple orchard and the vineyard, and over the wide meadows, that were his pride. The man's soul was desolate. He felt as though a hurricane had gone over him, sweeping him bare of what the good years had given. The cry of his heart was: "Lord, take the rest! Take all, but leave me my Agnes!" For the first time in his experience his wealth was a matter of utter indifference to him. He walked on, looking strangely older than ever before, and the bowed head, shrunken stature and tottering feet were curiously unlike the self-assertive, arrogant man, whose very gait was usually the unconscious expression of a will that would have its way, encounter what opposition it might.

There was a great spreading oak which stood on the edge of his land, shadowing equally his farm and that of his nearest neighbor, Harmon Murray. The Murrays were the opposites of the Camerons. Gay, light-hearted, spending money lavishly, sending the boys off to college and the girls to city schools, buying books, music and pictures, filling the house with guests at midsummer and in the holidays, Deacon Cameron could not help having private doubts as to the Christianity of the Murrays. Though Harmon Murray was a liberal subscriber to every good cause and a regular attendant on the services of the church, he was, in the Deacon's prejudiced eyes, a heathen man and a publican. It had been an aggravation of his grief that the gloom in his home was shared in his neighbor's. Especially had he chafed and struggled against the knowledge that one member of the family so antagonistic to his own cared for Agnes with a love deeper than that of kindred. The Deacon, though a strong man, was selfish. He would have looked with aversion on any man who might have desired to win the affection of his child; for he meant to keep her as his own particular treasure, if he could. But that Edgar Murray should aspire to her hand, and that, even timidly and afar off, Agnes should venture to regard him as her future lord, had awakened in him a resistance as violent as it was stubborn. Till now he had been fiercely angry when three or four times a day the young man had presented himself to inquire for Agnes or to bring her fruit and flowers. He had been indignant at his wife, because she had accepted Mrs. Murray's help in caring for the sick one; nor could he forgive her for ignoring his displeasure and sending to the Murrays for aid in this emergency.

But now he was in extremity. He staggered to a seat beneath the oak, the very seat where Edgar and Agnes had been accustomed to rest after their occasional saunterings together by the creek or along the embowered lanes, and his gray head went down upon his hands. His whole heart was concentrated in a vehement, wordless prayer, which was fain to beat against the Almighty's throne. No feeling of God's paternity entered his mind at that intense moment. No remembrance of Christ as the great High Priest who pleads for the children of men with a brother's comprehension of their wants. No thought of the Holy Spirit, with His sacred influences, came to him, as shaken, tempest-tossed, and almost heartbroken, he cried to God, the Strong One, who could hear him, if he would. The God of the Deacon's imagination was a despot, but a despot who could be gracious. He prayed as a Saxon might have prayed to Thor, as a Roman to Jupiter, or a Hindu to Vishnu, that his child might be spared. Sinking to his knees, in the agony of his still unvoiced supplication, the cry of his soul broke forth into speech:

"Lord! give me back my Agnes, my darling, the one precious thing of my life! Let her not die, I beseech Thee! Lord! listen. Thou hast ten thousand times ten thousand in Thy Heaven. Why dost Thou want my little ewe lamb? Oh, let her live! Let her live, and I will give Thee whatsoever Thou shalt require. My money, if Thou asketh it, to the uttermost farthing. My will—if it be counter to Thine, I will surrender it wholly. Yea, Lord, let Agnes live, though she sit at the fireside of another and break bread in the house that I hate. Take not the sunshine out of the world, Lord, though it shine not on me. Hear my prayer, for Thy dear Son's sake."

"Amen!" said a low voice, and, looking up, the Deacon saw that his prayer had had another than a divine listener. Edgar Murray, walking homeward on the other side of the boundary-line, had heard the flow of the Deacon's petition; and as he stood there, bareheaded, the Amen had welled up from his heart almost before he was aware of it.

"Can a man go nowhere to be alone?" exclaimed the Deacon. "Must he be followed and spied upon under his own trees and on his own ground?"

The instinctive animosity was dominant in a moment, though the prayer had scarcely died upon his lips.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Edgar, humbly. "I did not mean to intrude; but I have just come from the house, and Hugh tells me there is a shade, at least, of hope. Agnes has fallen asleep. She may be better when she awakes."

The shade of hope was not an hallucination. Very slowly, very tremulously, almost imperceptibly, the young girl passed into the several stages of convalescence. So gradual was her improvement that it was measured by weeks. From day to day no change was apparent, but from week to week a slight progress was visible, and, after awhile, pale but beautiful, she resumed her place in the household and took up one by one her old tasks. Like a lily, like a wild rose, like a bit of mignonette, she brightened and sweetened the place where she dwelt. Hers the mission which no woman need despise, to make people happy, to charm away their sullen moods, and to diffuse pleasantness wherever she appeared.

Only with her father she had lost her old magic. His smiles grew infrequent and his temper more capricious and uncertain than ever.

"I don't know what to think of Deacon Cameron," said the pastor, Mr. Denbigh, who for thirty years had labored in the Hillside Church. He was talking confidentially with his wife. "He is becoming more cranky and crotchety every day. I did hope that the illness of his child would have wrought a change; but, if so, it is a change for the worse. I am informed that he forbids young Murray to enter his door; and when I this morning asked him to increase his subscription to our Domestic Board, he treated me as though I were begging for myself. Adversity hardens a man when it does not refine him."

"It may be," said the pastor's gentle wife, "that God is striving with the Deacon. There is good in him, I am sure. I think he is not at peace with God, or with himself, just now. He knows he is in the wrong about Agnes, and he is therefore not comfortable. Perhaps, dear, we have not prayed for him as we ought.

The plain fact was that the Deacon was exceedingly uncomfortable in his mind. He had offered a genuine prayer and pledged an honest vow, fully meaning to keep his word, while in his heart had been a vague idea of propitiation as he knelt beneath the oak. When Agnes had first begun to grow stronger, his resolution had been firm to fulfill his word; but as she had crept onward to health it had loosened its hold upon him. Could a miracle have been performed, and the maiden have arisen from her couch at one triumphant bound from death to life, he would have been awed and overwhelmed and in haste to make good his word to the Almighty. The comparative slowness of her restoration had given time to his nature to assert itself, and he was really more ill-tempered, cross-grained and churlish than he had been before. Even to Agnes he was sometimes harsh; the more so that, under her soft exterior and winsome ways, the slender girl had an underlying subsoil of granite, not unlike his own character, and far tougher and firmer than the fabric of which her gentle mother was made.

Agnes loved her father, but she loved her friend, too. If Edgar were prohibited from visiting her at her own hearth, she was not ashamed to meet him openly under the sky; to walk with him to the choir rehearsals; and to go riding with his sister, while he held the reins and his swift horses, the admiration of the county, trotted smoothly up hill and down dale and over the hard, beautiful, floor-like roads which swept around mountain-sides, skirted limpid streams, and intersected the thriving villages which dotted that portion of the State. Had any other member of his family thus dared his displeasure, the Deacon would have met them with prohibition and threatening; but it was too late to begin this course with Agnes, who he did not wish to drive into entire estrangement. So the year wore on, darkling and sorrowful in the Cameron household, though outwardly all things prospered and whatever the Deacon touched turned to gold.

His main trouble was with his Bible. Turn where he would, the verses familiar from his childhood mocked him. The word vow seemed to stare at him from every page. It was David who said: "Shall I offer to the Lord sacrifices of that which cost me nothing?" And David had always been his favorite character. But they all paid their vows.

Even Jephthah, whose rash and sweeping pledge to the Deity had involved the offering of his only daughter in a dark and mysterious doom, had not shrunk from the terrible exaction. Saul, in a moment of haste, had condemned a possible offender to death; and lo! it proved to be Jonathan who must meet the bolt of fate, and only the majestic protest of the united nation had availed to save him. The Bible was an armory which bristled with weapons turned constantly against the Deacon's conscience. And while he sat at the head of his table, silent, constrained and gloomy, imposing an unwholesome and irritating repression on wife and children, a fiery battle was raging within him. He grew to dread Agnes' sweet, composed face, where the patience which could wait indefinitely, and hold its own to the last, was already stamping a Madonna-like dignity. Often, as he saw Edgar Murray in church, he felt that he was unreasonable in opposing his suit. There could be no valid objection to a pure, steady, well-educated and honorable young man, who loved his daughter and whose love she returned. The obstinate antagonism of his dislike had no foundation which could be sustained by arguments.

Days wore on. Months and seasons waned. The apple trees blossomed, ripened and were shorn of their fruit. Successive harvests were reaped. And then the tide of good fortune turned, and the Deacon had a new experience. He lost money. Apparently stable investments collapsed. His eldest son went to a distant State. A horse of which he was proud was carelessly tied, and lamed in consequence. A favorite Alderney sickened and died. The barn took fire and was consumed. None of the losses, so far, were crushing; but the aggregate bore heavily on the Deacon and made him very sad. As he sat in his arm-chair or followed the plow, he felt that the warfare of the Almighty had assumed a tangible form, and that His arrows were being aimed for his destruction.

One sorrowful day there came a greater loss. The hand of paralysis was laid upon the meek and ever-submissive wife, and she lay for hours in that death-in-life which is so horrible and so inscrutable. Now was the cup of calamity full and running over. Never a demonstrative nor a very loving husband, the Deacon had felt a true respect and a complacent proprietary affection for the woman who had given him herself in the radiant bloom of her girlhood, when she had chosen him from many suitors. Always had she been a faithful wife, diligent, frugal and obedient to his wishes. When she passed softly away, amid the sobs of her children, he shed no tear; but God's lightning had, nevertheless, smitten his soul. When she lay, queenly, in silent state, in the house where she had been rather chief servant than mistress, he sat for hours in the room, living over the long years, and suffering poignant remorse, which none knowing the man would have imagined possible. When he followed the hearse to the family lot where the Camerons had been buried for generations, he was bowed under an anguish as deep as it was unspeakable. Agnes slid her hand into his; but he scarcely felt the pressure, though he suffered her to lead him home like a little child, after the earth had been packed upon the coffin.

A few days crept on—interminably long in the abode of mourning—and one night the family were gathered for worship. The Deacon took the Bible, and slowly turned the leaves until he came to the sixty-sixth psalm. In a voice low and full of emotion he read these words:

"For thou, O God, hast proved us. Thou hast tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net. Thou laidest affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads. We went through fire and through water; but Thou broughtest us out unto a wealthy place. I will go into Thy house with burnt offerings. I will pay Thee my vows, which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble."

The Deacon paused. "Children," he said, "I have had a controversy with the Lord. I have made vows; but I have not paid them. The Lord is too much for Alexander Cameron. I shall resist Him no longer. I have been vain, conceited and stubborn; fond of my own way and careful for my own interest. But now I shall begin again, if I may, and seek, if haply He let me find Him, my wife's God. Your mother was nearer Him than I. Hugh, ask the pastor to come hither to-morrow. I want to help him in his work with my substance. Agnes, daughter, Edgar Murray may come as you list, and I will give him my child and my blessing. Let us pray."

As his way was, the Deacon, having begun, paid his vows to the uttermost. The evening of his life was sweet with thankfulness; and when the sturdy babes of Edgar and Agnes clambered on his knees and held fast to his hand, they thought in the wide world there was nobody so kind and good as grandfather.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in N. Y. Independent.*

The Great Fire in Tokio—Thrilling Scene in the Streets.

So rapidly did the flames travel that it was with difficulty the streets were cleared of people before the houses ignited, and in so many places was the fire raging that they knew not which way to run. Anxious to save *futons* and wearing apparel, the poor creatures sailed forth from their homes with bundles on their shoulders to fly they knew not whither. The streets became blocked with the surging masses. Women and children were trampled under foot, and many who fell in the crowd never rose again; little children were looking for their parents, while the air was rent with cries of rage, anguish and despair. Still they clung tenaciously to the few worldly possessions they had succeeded in bringing from their burning homes, thereby almost completely blocking up the narrow streets through which the masses were slowly threading their way. At length the police interfered and caused numbers to throw their bundles into the rivers, or anywhere else out of the way, so as to facilitate the escape of the people from the frightful death which threatened them and which was gaining on them fast. Sixty-eight streets, containing 11,464 houses, were burned, rendering over 40,000 people homeless. It is estimated that thirty people were trampled to death in the streets, and 100 wounded were conveyed to the hospital. Long before the fire reached the foreign settlement the residents felt anxious and began to pack up. But this appears to have been almost a needless task, for when the fire did reach them there was no one to be found to convey their goods and chattels away; this was particularly the case when the residence of the missionary ladies at No. 11 ignited. Everything had been got ready for flight, but had to be left in the house, as no coolies were to be found willing to undertake the task of removing even the boxes of clothing. The American Legation was in imminent danger for some time, and Mr. Clataud's hotel ignited seven different times, but each time the flames were successfully suppressed. The residence of Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal Mission, was burned. It was the property of the Bishop and was uninsured; personal effects saved. The Methodist Episcopal Church, partially insured, was consumed; also the residence of the Rev. Julius Soper, of Georgetown, D. C., partially insured—all personal effects lost, uninsured. Residence and schoolhouse of Miss Whiting, Miss Holbrook, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Spencer, belonging to the same mission as Mr. Soper; also total personal effects of the three ladies, uninsured; residence and personal effects of Miss Youngman; personal effects of the Rev. Charles Bishop, a recent arrival in Japan, staying with the Rev. Julius Soper; residence and personal effects of Mr. E. H. House, building only partially insured; residence of Mr. Bogel. Much sympathy is felt in Tokio and Yokohama for Mr. Soper and the ladies connected with the same mission, as they have lost everything. A fund for their benefit has been started. The foreign residents of Tokio have also started a fund in aid of the distressed Japanese.—*Japan Gazette.*

A Shot for Luck.

Some time last spring the owners of the Emerson took up an extension of that lode, naming it the Concord. When only five feet down they sold out—one-third interest to S. B. Sutherland and the other two-thirds to G. F. Geer, of Boulder, and a brother of his who lives in Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mr. Sutherland was a poor man, but a practical miner. His labor was put upagainst that of two men furnished by the Messrs. Geer, who are capitalists, and the work of development went on. For the first ten or fifteen feet good pay was taken out in the form of rusty and free gold. Then the "streak" was either lost or played out. Confident that he was on a true extension of the Emerson crevice Mr. Sutherland continued his work all summer and fall without faltering, though the toilsome days yielded nothing but barren rock. Week after week and month after month wore away, each more weary than the last, and still no returns. He was getting in debt and had to borrow money to pay taxes on his little house. Still the plucky miner picked away at the obdurately worthless granite, breaking and blasting a road in the direction where he felt sure the treasure lay. Christmas and New Year's came, and he hadn't money enough to buy the wife a new dress or the baby a new rattle. His friends advised him to give it up. "Knowing ones" declared it was only a "blow out," and he had exhausted the pay the first fifteen feet—would never get another cent, etc., etc. All through January he worked on with unabated energy, but with a heart growing heavier as each day made it seem more likely that he would at last be forced to abandon his undertaking and yield his hopes of fortune. February came. A mortgage was coming due on the little home. Creditors grew impatient. The wife, grown nervous and despondent on "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," spent days in weeping, and every night pleaded with her husband to quit and go to work where he could earn something. At last he began himself to be discouraged and made up his mind to give up the Concord, but—would work the week out. On Tuesday he stood in the bottom of the shaft, looking disconsolately at the pile of worthless "gang rock" and rubbish that must be hoisted to the surface before he could go down any further. He picked up a drill, drew a sigh, and said to himself: "While the boys are cleaning out I'll put in a shot here, just for luck." By the time the boys had the bottom cleared the shot was in, and when it went off he put the rock in the bucket and told those above to dump that on one side till he should come up. This was on Tuesday, but he never thought to look after the product of his "shot for luck" until Thursday. Carelessly examining it then his practiced eye discovered a small piece which bore the undisputable marks that made his heart leap with new hope. He hurried down the shaft, got things in shape and by Saturday put in a blast where he now felt sure the long-lost streak lay hid. When that shot went off he gathered up a sack full of glittering specimens that, to look at, would make old Midas himself smile again. We saw a few pieces at Mr. Geer's rooms and could not rest until we had looked at the whole bag full. So, in company with a friend to introduce us, we called on Mrs. Sutherland and were kindly permitted to overhaul the lot—about half a bushel—of pieces ranging in weight from an ounce or two up to seventeen pounds, and not a piece that does not show free gold or the still richer vein of telluride of gold. Experts estimate the value of the sack at not less than $1,000! And now Mr. Sutherland is sure that he can work right back toward the surface—as well as downward and laterally along the lode—and find the rich streak all the way.—*Boulder (Col.) News and Courier.*

A Queer Frenchman.

The death of the Comte Alfred de Chateauvillars has deprived France of one of her most extraordinary social types. The late Count lived for the last few years of his life as a recluse, and, although a member of the two most select clubs in Paris—l'Union and the Jockey—distinctly laid down in his will that his funeral should be merely a third-class one, and that his remains should be accompanied to their last resting-place by only three of his most devoted friends and fifty persons chosen out of the mass of the many paupers whose needs he had so generously met. It was distinctly forbidden to issue any other invitations to attend his funeral, and the result was that the coffin was followed by real mourners.

The following is another odd fact not generally known about Chateauvillars, whose whims and caprices have long been a general topic of conversation in Paris. After having lived separately from his wife for many years, he one day took it into his head that he would like to see how Dido was prospering; stealing down secretly into the country to the château in which she was residing, he came upon her unawares, and found her so charming and captivating that he eloped with her! I am sorry to have to chronicle that this odd raccommodement did not last long, and that before many months had elapsed madame again returned to rural solitudes. M. de Chateauvillars' splendid and well-known hotel, No. 60 Rue St. Lazare, he shortly afterward rented to the famous Duc d'Ossuna, whose boast it was that he could travel from Paris to Madrid in his own carriage, and only stop to sleep in one of his own châteaux! As the Spanish grandee had about eight houses in France and six castles in Spain, he could afford to break his journey wherever he so pleased.—*Whitehall Review.*

—A Bostonian has done something to ameliorate the existence of the young American who is the victim of the ambitious parent that calls him stupid, and reminds him of certain great Americans who entered college at twelve and thirteen and were graduated at seventeen and eighteen. The curriculum of Yale for the year 1810 is exhibited, and from it the deduction is made that "a high school graduate of to-day, if fitted for Harvard, is not a great way behind the Senior of 1810.

As MEN put money aside for a rainy day, Mr. Vanderbilt, in laying up $51,000,000 in bonds, must be expecting a regular deluge.

For Young Readers.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Who warms his slippers for papa
When he comes home at night?
Who meets him with a joyous laugh,
And blue eyes beaming bright?
Who climbs upon his ready knee,
With kisses sweet as kiss can be?—
Our Kitty.

Who teases poor old grandmamma,
And pulls her work away,
And with her gold-rimmed spectacles
Too often tries to play?
Who's full of mischief, sport, and fun,
From early morn till day is done?—
Our Kitty.

Whose little arms "hug mamma tight"?
Whose lips give kisses sweet?
Who follows nurse about the house
With little restless feet?
Who sings to Dolly, rocks her, too,
And tries to act as "big folks" do?—
Our Kitty.

Who, bent on mischief, truth to say,
Like any little elf,
Within the pantry hides to taste
The "goodies" on the shelf?
Who bothers cook, where'er she goes,
And makes her scold, you may suppose?—
Our Kitty.

But lest our Kitty chance to get
More than her share of blame
For mischief, I'll explain there is
Some difference in the name:
One Kitty is our child, you see;
The other, Kitty's *cat!*

—*Harper's Young People.*

BROWNIE'S FIRST INVITATION.

The very day that Brownie was five years old she was invited to a party.

Brownie had three sisters older than herself, and they had been to a great many parties, but this was Brownie's first invitation; so you may well imagine how delighted the whole family were.

She had a white dress to wear, a pretty blue sash, blue stockings and blue shoes. The mamma and the three sisters helped dress her. Even the papa and the one brother lent a helping hand.

The mamma curled her hair, the oldest sister pinned her sash on "just lovely," the papa buttoned her shoes, the brother perfumed her handkerchief, and the other two sisters ran hither and thither bringing things.

"I am afraid, after all, that you won't know how to behave nicely," said the oldest sister, while clasping Brownie's necklace.

"Yes, I'll know how to behave, thank you, ma'am, I guess!" replied Brownie, stamping her foot on the carpet.

Another sister said, while putting Brownie's stockings on:

"Don't get down on your knees, as you do more than a hundred times a day here at home; because if you do you will wear holes right through these thin stockings."

The brother thought that he had better give Brownie some advice:

"Only take one piece of cake. It isn't polite to take a piece of every kind. Now, remember."

Then the mamma said:

"You must not find fault with anything that is given you to eat. If you do not like it do not say so."

Brownie was all dressed just as the old-fashioned clock in the hall struck six.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed, "I must go right straight away, for Mrs. Barns said I must come at six o'clock. I des the party goes in then."

Brownie was not taken to the party in a carriage, but, instead thereof, on the brother's back.

At nine o'clock the brother went after her and brought her home in the same manner.

While the mamma and the papa were taking Brownie's wraps off, she drew a long breath, saying:

"Well, I've got home from the party, but it ain't twite out, 'cause there are two or free or ten little girls there yet."

"Did you have a pleasant time, Brownie?" asked the papa.

"Oh, yes; the bread and butter with meat in it was twite pleasant. Mrs. Barns asked me if I didn't want some more sanriches, when don't you b'lieve I hadn't had none sanriches at all! I didn't see a speck of any. I tell you," she continued, looking at the brother, "I only took but one piece of cake. Mrs. Barns said I could take as many pieces as I wanted. I told her that I des wished I could, but brother said it wasn't perlite to take but one piece.

"Then, don't you b'lieve, she laughed out loud. But she said she had to laugh to see so many dear little children so happy.

"Oh! there was such a lot of candies and nuts all jumbled up together in a—a—dish. I took free of my hands des as full as full could be, 'cause they had such lots and lots of 'em.

"But, mamma," and Brownie's voice sank to a whispered tone, "the lemonade wasn't one bit good. It was so awful sweet and so awful sour. I told Mrs. Barns that I didn't like it pretty good."

"Brownie! didn't I tell you not to find fault with—"

"Why, mamma, you only said I mustn't with what I had to eat. You didn't say nothing 'bout what I had to drink."

"What amusements did you have, Brownie?" asked the papa. "You had plays, didn't you?"

"Some few. They played 'Pillow and keys,' but I wasn't going to play that."

"Why not, Brownie?" asked one of the sisters. "You know we told you that you must do what the other children did."

"Mrs. Barns did want me to play it, but I told her I couldn't, 'cause sister said I mustn't get down on my knees or I would wear my stockings all full of holes. You can't play it else you get down on your knees to kiss somebody."

What did you do, Brownie, while the children were playing 'Pillow and keys?" " asked the mamma.

"Oh, I des sat in the corner with a little lame girl that couldn't walk pretty good."

"Why, Brownie!" suddenly exclaimed the brother.

"See! she has one blue shoe on and one black one."

All eyes were turned then to Brownie's feet.

"Where is your other new blue shoe?" asked one of the sisters.

Brownie held first one foot up, then the other, saying:

"I don't—I don't know where it—oh! now I 'member. I gave my other blue shoe to that little lame girl, 'cause she ain't never in all her live days had any blue shoe—des only black."

"Brownie gazed first in the face of one, then another, and she saw that something was wrong. The sisters held their handkerchiefs over their mouths; the brother opened wide his eyes; the papa and the mamma looked very sober.

She then held up one foot, saying: "This is a very booful black shoe." All remained silent. She continued: "It is des as good to have diffnent ones, ain't it, mamma?"

The mamma said that she thought it looked better to have shoes on alike, and not one of one color and the other of another.

"Oh, well!" she cried, with a careless toss of her curly head, "maybe I'll go next day before yesterday and give her this other new blue shoe, and I des as lief have the black ones, 'cause she is such a nice poor little girl and she don't never have no blue shoes. Can't I give it to her, mamma?"

"Yes, Brownie, you can," replied the mamma; "but you must give her this black one. It belongs to her. I think I know who her mamma is. She is poor, but an excellent Christian woman."

"Well, you better b'lieve I was good to her little lame girl," said Brownie, earnestly. "When we all played 'Button, button,' I des put the button in her hand when I was it, 'cause she didn't have one spec'led bit of crimming on her dress. But I told her it was des as nice without crimming."

Then Brownie climbed up on the mamma's lap, saying, slowly, "Oh, dear! it des makes you very, very tired and sleepy to be invited to a party. I des I won't to go no more parties to-night, 'cause—'cause"— And in less than one minute after dear little Brownie was fast asleep.—*Christian Union.*

A Very Small Gas-Factory.

It was a cold winter's day, and we were all cosily seated in the library, near the open grate-fire. Eddie had just been telling us what he saw at the gas-works, which he had visited that day with his papa.

Now, some children see a great deal more than others at the same places, for they use their eyes. They look at things carefully, and remember what they see. And, as Eddie had kept his brown eyes very wide open this day, he had a great deal to tell us.

When he had finished, his papa said, "If you have a clay pipe in the house, I will make some gas for you right here in this grate." The children were delighted, and rushed off in different directions to look for the pipe.

Their papa often tried little experiments of different kinds, which taught them a great deal. He was always ready to answer their questions, and had a way of explaining everything so clearly, that they liked his experiments even better than their playthings.

Little Emma was the first to come back; but her pipe-stem turned out to be only a slate-pencil—at which we all had to laugh. The real pipe was soon found, though, and then papa sent Eddie into the yard for some clay.

"Will common mud do, papa?" he asked. "No, I must have clay. Can you tell the difference?"

Eddie thought he could, and in a few minutes came in with a little tin cup of real clay. Papa filled the bowl of the pipe with small bits of coal. You know coal is made up of coke and gas, and, when it is heated, the gas rises up out of the coal, leaving only the coke.

In the gas-works there are large tanks to catch and hold the gas, and let it out into large iron pipes which lie underground in the streets, and from them into smaller iron pipes which go through our houses.

After papa had put in the coal, he took wet clay and spread over the top of the pipe like a cover, pressing it down hard and tight. Then the bowl of the pipe was put in the hottest, reddest part of the fire, and covered with hot coals. The end of the stem was left sticking out; and very soon we could see smoke coming out at the end.

Papa held a lighted match there, and this smoke burned as brightly as any gas you ever saw. There was a shout of delight; for the little ones like to see an experiment succeed.

Then Eddie, who had, as usual, been using his eyes, and thinking about what he saw, asked, "What did you put that wet clay over the bowl of the pipe for, papa?"

"The clay bakes in the fire and makes a hard, tight cover, which keeps the gas from coming out at that end and burning up in the fire," was the answer.—*Nursery.*

Ex Post Facto Laws.

If a teacher should make a rule in February for punishing boys who threw snowballs during recess, and then should punish boys who had thrown snowballs in January, when there was no rule against it, every one would say that he was very unjust. No one ought to be punished under a law made afterwards. This applies to men's laws. No one can be punished for anything he has done unless there is some law against it made beforehand. To make a law afterward is never allowed.

There was a remarkable case in New York which shows how careful the judges are to forbid all laws made afterwards; or *ex post facto* laws, as they are generally called. Before 1860 the law was that whoever was found guilty of murder should be hung. A Mrs. Hartung poisoned her husband. She was brought to trial; and while the trial was pending a new law was passed, that any murderer should be kept in prison at hard labor for a year and then hung if the Governor thought best. The jury found Mrs. Hartung guilty, but the judges said that she could not be punished. She could not be hung under the old law, because it had been repealed; and after a law is repealed—that is abolished, destroyed—nothing can be done under it. She could not be imprisoned a year and hung by a Governor's warrant under the new law, because that was a law passed after the crime was committed. The lawyers argued that any one would rather be kept in prison a year before being hung, and therefore the punishment was really lightened, not increased. But the court said that made no difference; no one can be punished under a law made afterwards. Now the Legislature had no intention, in passing the law of 1860, of helping Mrs. Hartung, and as soon as they learned the decision they passed another law restoring the original law which ordered hanging. But the court said this was a law made afterwards, just the same. Therefore Mrs. Hartung was set at liberty. This was done, not because any one thought she was innocent. But the authorities were determined it should never be said that she was punished under a law made afterwards;—*ex post facto.*—*Christian Union.*

—For the first time in sixteen years the American Missionary Association is free of debt. During the past year it paid off an indebtedness of $37,389. Among the colored people of the South an important work has been accomplished by this Association. It has at present in the Southern States eight chartered institutions, twelve High Schools, and twenty-four common schools, with a total of 163 teachers and 7,207 pupils, in all of which Christian knowledge and character are a feature of the instruction. In add